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GRIMALDI'S ORATION

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of Detroit

in memory of her brother

Col. William Henry Coyl

1894.



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GRIMALDI'S

Funeral Oration

January 19, 1550.

FOR

ANDREA ALCIATI;

In Photo-lith Fac-simile.

WITH

A TRANSLATION INTO ENGLISH.

Edited by HENRY GREEN, *M.A.*

Published for the Holbein Society by
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PREFACE.



IRTUES, in the fullest extent to which human effort can attain, never truly deserve those unmeasured praises which to the authors of Funeral Orations so often appear necessary, if not essential. Vitiated and faulty, offensive to good taste, and built up on unsound principles as are many of the panegyrics, the laudations, the *lodi*, which from Greek and Latin down to Italian times have prevailed, and thence through Italy have spread among all the countries of the modern civilization; we should commit an injustice, were we to declare that flattery of an unscrupulous kind must always be interwoven with them, and summon exaggeration to its aid. This Funeral Oration for Alciati is, indeed, much overdrawn; there is some very vapid declamation in it, and where most it is successful, there is found a want of the natural flow of eloquence which makes an articulate-speaking man so powerful; yet there is in Grimaldi an honest heartiness which shows that the Orator himself, how much soever he may have failed in clearness of expression, thought what he uttered, and bestowed

171655

much pains as well as feeling to make his thought understood and to pervade the minds of his hearers.

As stated elsewhere,—"In translating this Oration, the Editor has derived much guidance, as to the general meaning and force, from a highly valued friend, who allowed him the use of his English version, and whose kindness is now acknowledged; but the Editor has thought it better, at some expense of elegance it may be, to follow rather closely the language and form of the original. The *Carmina* on Alciati's death and renown are no part of the Oration, and they are left in their original Latin."

Those were indeed great funeral themes which engaged the genius of Pericles and Demosthenes; the *one*, when the Athenians publicly solemnized the memory of such as were first killed in the Peloponnesian war, B.C. 431; the *other*, when the same honour was decreed for those who fell in the fatal conflict of Chæroneia, B.C. 338; but a theme on a similar subject, though much inferior in importance, was, in October, 1571, assigned at Venice to Paolo Pavia, "in laude de' morti," in praise of the dead, "at the victorious battle against the Turks fought at Cursolari." With much joy the orator spoke of their valour, and esteemed theirs a most happy fate. "But it is time," he said, "that I should cease praising with the tongue those whose praises in the memory of men will not have any bound, except with the world itself."

About the time of Alciati's death, and down at least to the end of the last century, the practice was observed of pronouncing over men exalted for rank or character, a solemn laudatory speech. Of such speeches, a considerable number—*fifty*—were collected by William Roscoe, the historian of the Medici, and are preserved in the very excellent library of the Chetham College, Manchester.

Belonging to the sixteenth century, and beginning with Leonardo Salviati's *Orazione* on the death of the most illustrious Don Garzia de' Medici, in 1562, there are *thirteen* of these Funeral Orations. They are generally of a small quarto size, containing from 16 to 65 pages, and usually end with the words "Io ho detto," I have

said it. Many of them are translations from the original Latin into the tongue of Florence.

No less than five of these Orations celebrate the death and virtues of Cosimo de' Medici, who died in 1574, Grand-duke of Tuscany and Grand-master of the Cavaliers of S. Stephen. The Oration by Leonardo Salviati, in the church of the Order, has on its title the pretty device of a tortoise with hoisted sail, and the old motto, FESTINA LENTE, *On-slow*, as one of our English nobles translates the Latin: another by Piero Vettori, in the church of S. Lorenzo, bears the device of a ship with full sails, and the motto ET POTEST ET VVLT, *It both can and will:* the third by Geo. Batista Adriani, in the public palace, presents a portrait of Cosimo and an inscription below it, declaring it to be the gift of Pius V., in testimony to Cosimo's "peculiar delight and zeal for the Catholic religion, and especial love of justice:" the fourth by Pietro Angelio da Burga, in the Duomo of Pisa, contains as well the ducal arms as Cosimo's portrait: and the fifth, by Benedetto Betti, publicly recited to the Society of S. John the Evangelist, contains an account of the funeral obsequies, and at the end the Lily, with the appropriate motto NIL CANDIDIUS, *Nothing fairer.**

But, like prayer itself, these praises were not for princes alone. Witness, in 1564, Benedetto Varchi's *Orazione*

* Besides these Cosimo-Medicean orations, and probably several others, there were published on the same occasion *Canzone*, like the *Carmina* at the end of Grimaldi's work, *i. e.* Odes on the death of the most serene Cosimo Medici, first grand-duke of Tuscany. One set of these was by Giovanni Cervoni da Colle, who also composed *Canzone* on the death of Francisco Medici, in 1587; on the nuptials of Don Cesare d'Este to Donna Virginia Medici, also in 1587; and on the crowning of the Cardinal de' Medici as grand-duke of Tuscany, 1587.

We may note also, as belonging to the end of the same sixteenth century, and as contained in the Roscoe Collection,—1. The Cardinal Niceno's *Lettere & Orazione* to the princes of Italy concerning the impending war against the Turk, 1594; and Scipione Ammirato's *Orazione* at the same time to the pope Sextus V., pertaining to the same subject. 2. Also in 1594, Scipione Ammirato addressed orations to Sextus V. on the preparations which had been made against the power of the Turk; and "to his Lord the most serene and most powerful Catholic king, Philip King of Spain, &c.," "on the pacification of Christendom, and on taking arms unitedly against the Infidels."

Fvnerale at the obsequies of Michelagnolo Bvonarroti, in the church of San Lorenzo; and in 1585, Leonardo Salviati's *Orazione Fvnerale* "of the praises of Pier Vettori, Senator and Academician of Florence, by order of the Florentine Academy, in the church of Santo Spirito."

The Roscoe collection of *Lodi* possesses 12 similar Orations delivered in the seventeenth century, between 1614 and 1664; and 26 Funeral Orations of the eighteenth century, between 1709 and 1781. By any one disposed to the work, many curious extracts might be gathered from these memorials of the illustrious dead; but to make such a work complete, a very wide area would have to be examined. Augustus pronounced the Funeral Oration for the young Marcellus,—and Nero for his wife Poppæa. Over Christian martyrs the holy words of commendation were uttered; and in later times, at the burial hour of philosophers and poets, of statesmen, generals, and philanthropists, of mighty princes and of noble patriots, the tongue of the eloquent has spoken many a vain flattery and many a solemn truth. Laymen, no less than ecclesiastics, have joined in the practice; and the Academies of Italy and France have set the whole civilized world the example of rendering speech the vehicle of praise. "Of the dead nothing but good" has been too much their rule;—"nothing set down in malice" might be the better guide.

Of the two ornamental capitals employed, the V presents the Alc, or Elk, the badge of the family of the Alciati; the H, the Cornucopiæ and Mercury's wand, which Paolo Giovio and the medal in the Museum Mazzuchellianum have attributed to the Jurisconsult himself, Giovio adopting for motto, VIRTVTI, FORTVNA COMES, *Fortune the companion to virtue*, and Mazzuchelli, when corrected, ΑΝΔΡΟΣ ΔΙΚΑΙΟΥ ΚΑΡΠΟΣ ΟΥΚ ΑΠΟΛΛΥΤΑΙ, *The fruit of the just man perishes not.*

H. G.

HEATHFIELD, KNUTSFORD,
July 27th, 1871.

FUNERAL ORATION

Delivered at Pavia, January 19th, M.D.L.

IN THE CATHEDRAL CHURCH,

AT THE FUNERAL

OF THE VERY FAMOUS JURISCONSULT

ANDREA ALCIATI,

BY

ALEXANDER GRIMALDI OF ANTIPOLIS.



OW GREAT, alas! was the wound which lately the Commonwealth of Christians received by the decease of Andrea Alciati, a man confessedly the chief of all ages and of all memory in learning and virtue. The loss not even he, on whom nature has bestowed the highest fulness and faculty of speaking, could in any way, I say not, encompass by eloquence, but even enumerate by narrating. For where in man has there

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ever been such integrity of life? such constancy of purpose? and, lastly, such knowledge of all sciences? Who, except the utterly senseless, will deny that he was instinct with a divine spirit?

On diligently considering these things within myself, I had, in truth, determined to decline the office of addressing you; for I knew that I must speak before so thronged and grave a presence and audience of learned men as never in my memory have been in any place. Therefore I was afraid, lest the undertaking of that office might appear boldness towards you rather than affection, and rashness rather than duty. In acuteness of genius and in gravity of judgment, and in the art and practice of speaking (on which, when a youth, I did not spend much of my time), I am left far behind you all; and shall I then dare to touch upon the praises of the man who was eminent for every kind of talent, especially for eloquence, and for authority in this position, to which none but the highest ability ought to be brought?

But, most honourable Fathers! if once you recognise the nature and the reasons of my case, you will, I think, understand that I have entered upon this province of speaking, not from any self-confidence of discharging the office, but lest some one might fail to find in me the dutifulness of a grateful disciple towards his Preceptor.

For this man, by divine and immortal qualities, to that degree had captivated not only his own people, but (so much of human perfection had nature bestowed upon him) all those of France also, that it must have shamed us, being bound to him by the eternal memory of benefits, if the gratitude which to him living and breathing we had not *shown* (for we were not able to do it), we had not paid to the dead with a mind remembering what is the very greatest which our souls could attain. Him therefore would we honour with some *solemn* oration.

Now, though such an oration may obscure the singular and choice virtues of a man endowed with divine genius, with admirable learning and with wisdom beyond belief, instead of illustrating his greatness,—I yet prefer elo-

quence to be demanded against me, rather than to be suspected of an ungrateful soul, if I should not do that. For I think that the death of him who is considered to have bestowed benefits on all men should be honoured not only by public grief, but also by public memorials.

Be ye all, whose countenances and features I contemplate not without great satisfaction of mind, present then in soul as ye are in body, and with most attentive minds and the highest benignity, listen to me while I say a few things concerning the praises of Andrea Alciati, our most renowned Preceptor.

Surely a great and arduous burden has this day been laid upon me—of praising by far the greatest and most illustrious man of all who are, have been, or will be. Therefore must my mind be roused and elevated, that ye with your ears may be sensible of the dignity of so great a theme, and that we may grasp the comprehensive oration by mind and thought.

What shall I do? What first shall I seek? Whence especially shall I make a beginning? Already, doubtless, not only am I moved in soul, but I tremble in every limb; nor is there any part of my body able sufficiently to perform its duty. In speaking, shall I touch upon the memory of his incredible virtues? Shall I, by my oration, increase the general grief, or sorrow, by which we all are distracted and torn asunder, and are weighed down and consumed? But I fear if I shall do this, lest I, who ought to comfort the souls of you all which are more than enough affrighted, should thoroughly weaken and break them down by the recalling of this bitter sadness to mind.

By the death of Alciati, to whose virtues no age ever had equal among all mankind, who is not so confounded that there seems neither measure nor intermission of tears, nor any future alleviation? For whoever shall not wish to examine him from his boyhood, and to commence from the beginning, will easily judge him to have gone beyond the usual measure of human ability. Scarcely had be been led forth from the cradle, when he gave to all the signs of highest hope, of highest inborn power of

genius, and of highest virtue, so that all seemed to have foretold concerning him what, according to Plato, Socrates augured concerning Isocrates. Nor, indeed, was he able only to uphold and to maintain the wonderful expectation of himself which he had roused, but he altogether surpassed it.

For, refreshed from the fountains of genius, when he had advanced some little in age, not only did he with the edges of his lips taste those studies by which boyhood is accustomed to be moulded to human culture, and, as is said, touched them with the ends of his fingers, but to every kind of learning he bravely applied the acuteness of his intellect; as to the toilsome rules of the Grammarians, the distinctions of Orators, the subtleties of Rhetoricians, the notes of Musicians, the measurings of Geometers, the numbers of Arithmeticians, the motions of Astronomers, the pharmaceutics of Medicine, the hidden sentences of Philosophers, and the divine dogmas of Theologians. Even before he had completed the full age of youth, he had by very ample proofs consecrated the memory of his own name. For while yet a young man he wrote very many orations and declamations; they were ornamented and polished with elegant and pointed sentences and important words; and no one, except he was stupid, and void of common learning and of the polish of human culture, would judge them filled with puerile fiction and pretence, but the products of lettered old age.

There is in them a certain kind of discourse so liquid, copious, and flowing, that a golden stream of oratory may evidently be seen, and the acumen of the Attics, their eloquence, brevity, and wit, may be recognised. The History of his own country he wove together so truly, purely, and ornately, that there is manifest in it a certain brevity as of Sallust, than which to learned ears nothing can be more perfect; nor can anything be discovered which is wanting or redundant. Poesy full of enigmas (between which, on Plato's testimony, no one distinguishes) he so studied, exhausted, and expressed, that

within the first threshold of his youth he composed Emblems, Epigrams, Elegies, Comedies, and divers other poems, so gay, so pleasing, so elegant, that nothing could be more cleverly done. The studies of Mathematical demonstrations, of Medicine, of Philosophy, of Theology, he so embraced that, concerning any one thing in them, he could discourse so copiously, lucidly, and without preparation, as to appear to have been always labouring on that one subject alone. But in what pertains to the knowledge of Greek literature he so bestowed all his study and talent on the imitation of it, and so conjoined Latin with Greek, that not less would his Greek than his Latin speech abound in ornaments of every kind. This fact is indicated in many of his speeches, as well in those written by him in Greek as in those translated out of Greek into Latin. Moreover, some Epigrams exist very elegantly composed, and, as I hope,* very soon about to receive publication.

But the very noble science of war (on the guardianship and protection of which rests a serene and tranquil state of happy peace) he so understood, that you would have said he had been accustomed to do nothing, except to take up a station for a camp, to surround the same with a rampart, to beat off the enemy, and to draw up an army in array. Lastly, that I may bring together my remarks into a few words, there is no one branch of knowledge of which distinct traces may not be found in him.

Since, in all these kinds of learning, he far excelled others, and already excited among men the highest admiration, he determined that his own genius, so ready and copious, should be no longer spent on these subjects, nor should his divine memory of things and words be employed upon them, in which he much surpassed Cyrus, Mithridates, and Charmides; but from these pursuits, which are worthy of a liberal-minded man, he turned aside, when somewhat advancing in age, to a choicer kind of knowledge.

* A hope not yet fulfilled.

Wherefore he thoroughly gave himself up to the most sacred wisdom, that of the Civil Law, altogether devoted himself to it, and upon it placed all care, labour, industry, and, lastly, all desire. To this pursuit he had not in his youth given up much time, yet the honours of the Jurisconsult he attained in less than the seventh year, with the highest commendation of learned men. To Milan, his true native country, which has always flourished in fame, and in glory, and in learning, and in warlike praise, he soon betook himself; and there, for almost three entire years, he was engaged in the courts as an advocate, with so great an increase of fame, that his gate, like that of Scipio Nasica of old or of Quintus Mutius, was daily thronged by a crowd of citizens and by the splendour of the highest men.

His singular learning no longer lay hidden in darkness, but was placed in the light of Gaul, in the eyes of Italy, and in the ears of all families and nations. Being sent for by the people of Avignon to fill the public office of professor, he was constituted Count Palatine of the sacred Court of the Lateran by Leo X., the chief pontiff; and though up to that day he had never mounted the Chair, he deserved the stipend of six hundred crowns. Here he tarried some years, and the glory of his name so filled the circle of the lands, that Francis, the most Christian king of the French, called him to the University of Bourges, with a doubled honorarium, and with one thousand two hundred crowns assured.

He was soon sent for from distant countries, and on his resisting, and in some way refusing, Franciscus Sforza, duke of Milan, lawfully laid his hands upon him, and honouring him with the fullest senatorial rank, obtained from him the promise that he would teach at Pavia. A little after he sought Bologna, the foster-child of studies, and there being most honourably received, he was for four years Professor of Civil Law, with a mighty concourse of hearers. Being recalled to Pavia (at the command of the most serene Emperor Charles), he resided here for some years; but, prevailed upon by the very ample promises

of Duke Hercules, he next visited Ferrara, and raised up the prostrate university. At length, after many toils in wandering about, he returned to Pavia, and here placed his seat and home, and taught three or four years at most, with a constant attendance of learned men flowing in from every side.

Lastly, after suffering from pain of the feet for some years, at first indeed slightly (as happens), but soon more severely and frequently, he laboured under continual fever in addition. In the course of fourteen days gradually worn out, with his senses always sound until he perished, he met death on the 11th of January, not exceeding his fifty-eighth year. He rendered back and bequeathed his soul to God, from whom he received it; and when cast down from his high home, and as if sunk to the earth, he gave his body to the ground, not without the greatest weeping and lamentation of all.

But why do I commemorate weeping and lamentation? Milan mourns, Pavia grieves, Italy sits in the dust, France is afflicted; finally, all provinces complain that so divine a Jurisconsult has been deprived of this life. For whoever has so clearly and elegantly interpreted the answers of Jurisconsults, the constitutions of Princes, the sacred canons of Pontiffs? Who, up to this very time, has written respecting all these so truly and eloquently? Has he not indeed added to the knowledge of the laws (of which it is the sister) such great eloquence as none of the ancients possessed, and as to none of the moderns has it been granted to hope for, or even distinctly to desire? This fact is abundantly declared by the Paradoxes, by the Balancings of Accounts, by those books, most celebrated in the discourse of all men, concerning the Signification of words and things, and by countless other works of his, which we have daily in our hands. Him, therefore, shall we not mourn? His death shall we not deplore? The true and genuine glory and ornament of our most sacred Civil Wisdom being extinguished, shall not we complain?

O wretched and miserable race of mortals! O cruel

fates, lying in ambush for all good men! O night on which he breathed forth his soul,—then, of all times, the sharpest and most bitter! So hast thou not despoiled us of a very precious gift divinely sent down to us from heaven? So hast thou not taken away the pleasure beyond belief which we gained from his most agreeable companionship! So hast thou snatched away from us unawares the oracle of the whole Christian Commonwealth! Now, of a truth, has Italy been despoiled of its brightness and peculiar flower, Milan of its splendour, every family and nation of its very clearest light. Voice, strength, words will fail me if I should wish to declare aloud how miserable, how wretched, how bitter to us may the death of this man be.

Already I seem to myself to hear Jurisprudence, mourning and cast down, to break forth into these words: Where is the resplendent brightness? where the assured protection? where Andrea Alciati, my only safety? Where is he, who, by the elegance of his speech, began to increase me when I was lessened, and by the greatness of his genius, by the gravity of his judgments, and by the power of his eloquence, has strengthened me when I was weakened, defended me when I was tossed and driven about by many injuries, came to assist me when thrown headlong, drew me forth from the waters when sinking, and raised me up when afflicted and lost?

O ruthless death! hast thou not so suddenly envied me this glorious light as almost to bring upon me eternal darkness? Hast thou not hurled against his body so bloody a dart, that pristine savagery might deform me afresh? Hast thou not exercised against him so detestable a tyranny as to despoil me of all my ornaments?

But whither is this oration sliding? or what end at length has been proposed to me? Is it that I should help your sorrow by my own tears? Is it, indeed, that I should console you with my oration, and drive away your grief? To greater length, therefore, I will not proceed; I will recall myself to my proper duty and purpose. Clear away your sorrow, my hearers, and lay aside all memory of

grief! Death made ready, set before us, defined, is in like manner common to all, as a true debt of nature:—

> "We owe to death ourselves and ours;
> Nor does it spare beauty, riches, or imperial powers."

For—

> "Pale death with equal foot beats at poor men's cottages,
> And at the towers of kings."

If, indeed, according to the truest sentiment of philosophers, we wish to examine this whole matter a little deeper, we shall very readily judge that life, and not death, is true. For (as it is in Euripides)—

> "Who knows not that to live is but to die?*
> And that by mortals, to die is deemed to live?"

For, from a certain wise man we have heard that we are now dead, and that for us the body is our sepulchre; and that then we truly live, when we are liberated from this dark prison of earth and emigrate to the citadel of heaven. Now, in what way can this be named life, which, like a most stormy sea, is daily tossed by tempests and waves? The ancient Fathers, thinking excellently of this very thing, have compared such a life to a game of dice. Nor, undeservedly, has Euripides named it "one little day;" Phalereus Demetrius, "a point of time;" but, best of all, Pindar, "the dream of a shadow."

Now at length therefore lives—lives the divine Alciati, and instead of this mortal condition, he has obtained immortality of life, and that glory which can scarcely be bounded by heaven itself. He has left behind the very firmest safeguards of virtue, which alone, when all other things are lost, can (as M. Tully testifies) support themselves. For in the state of mortals there is no stability, no constancy so great, as in those things which are administered by virtue. And virtue is wont to beat back the cruelty of death, and (as it is said) is fastened by the deepest roots, which by no force can ever be overthrown,

* "Τίς δ' οἶδεν εἰ τὸ ζῆν μὲν ἐστὶ κατθανεῖν,
Τὸ κατθανεῖν δὲ ζῆν νομίζεται βροτοῖς."

and from no place can be removed. He will live—will live, undoubtedly, while the race of men, while nations, while peoples shall exist; and his life shall remain vigorous in the memory of all ages, posterity will nourish it, eternity itself will always defend it, nor with respect to his praises will any age ever be silent. For his writings are of immortality, not of time.

His home indeed he has changed, but—what this wandering pilgrim did not possess—how firm and stable is the home to which he has attained! Nature has granted us an inn for sojourning awhile, not for inhabiting. Us mortals she has left exposed to calamities, dangers, diseases, accidents, anxieties, inconveniences, faults, injuries; that, immortal herself, she might behold those heroes immortal, and pass from toil to rest, from pain to painlessness, from disease to health, from this short age to perpetual life.

Make, therefore, an end to tears, nor any longer bewail the death of our Preceptor, for whoever does that deplores that himself is mortal, and (just like Theophrastus when dying, as recorded by M. Tully) he accuses nature. Alciati has died in his native land, in which it is an illustrious thing to die; and before he gave up the last breath of life, he so arranged all his affairs that his fortune (which he had obtained, not as a Theban of old, one Ismenias, mentioned by Plato, but by diligence and virtue) he left by will to his heir, Francisco Alciati, whose pure and spotless morals, penetrating genius, and singular knowledge as well of the more polished literature as of the Civil Law, all men commemorate.

So, lastly, to cleanse his soul from all defilement and spot of sin, and with those sacred rites which are wont to be used by such as depart religiously, he desired to placate towards himself the powers above and his own household deities, and to perform the offices due to God, so that no one ought of right to grieve concerning his death.

And now, illustrious Sirs! let us all, stretched at the feet of that very illustrious man, cast ourselves down, beseech God, Best and Greatest, that into the assembly

and number of blessed souls He may place the man who, during his years, pressed earth (as Homer says), not as a useless heap of clay,* but, his tale of life well told out, he left to posterity an honourable memorial of himself, who, with such great humanity, wisdom, and piety, has finished the course of life by nature circumscribed to men, and who, lastly, with earnestness so great, has ever observed all things which pertain to the most excellent Christian.

——o——

The Oration of Alexander Grimaldi, of Antipolis, for Alciati.

Tell me, I pray, what inferior man the tomb conceals,
Or whether the great and renowned Andrea Alciati?
It possesses of all men, in truth, the noblest,
And to speak simply, by Jove! the most illustrious.
Earth hides the body, which also here is laid;
But of Alciati indeed immortal is the glory.

THE END.†

H. G.

HEATHFIELD, KNUTSFORD,
July 27th, 1871.

* "ἐτώσιον ἄχθος ἀρούρης."

† "Τοῦ Ἀλεξάνδρου Γριμάλδου ἀντιπολιτάνου εἰς Ἀλκίατον."

Grimaldi's Greek stanza, besides certain inaccuracies, is so illegibly printed that the text itself is uncertain. It is subjoined, with some slight corrections.

Εἰπέ μοι δέομαι κ' ὀλίγον τινὰ καλύπτει,
ἢ μέγαν ἀνδρείαν τ' ἔξοχον Ἀλκίατον;
χείνον ἔχει ἀνδρῶν δήπου κάλλιστον ἁπάντων
ὥστ' ἀλλῶς εἰπεῖν νὴ Δία κλεινότατον
σῶμα δὲ γῇ κρύπτει, τῆνον καὶ ἐνθάδε κεῖται,
ἀλλὰ μὲν Ἀλκιάτου ἄμβροτόν ἐστι κλέος.
τέλος.

Wyman & Sons, Printers,
Great Queen St. London, W.C.

ORATIO FVNEBRIS

IN FVNERE D.

ANDREAE

ALCIATI,

MEDIOLAN.

Iuriſcon. Clariſsimi & Cæſareæ Maieſtatis Senatoris Illuſtriſsimi Ab Alexandro Grimaldo Antipolitano habita Ticini In Edè Cathedrali ad XIIII. Cal. Febr. M.D.L.

IMPRESSVM PAPIAE.

ORNATISSIMO VIRO
NICOLAO GRIMALDO FRATRI,
ALEXANDER GRIMALDVS. S.

CVM ad xiiij cal. febr. magni illius uiri Andreæ Alciati ſua magis quàm noſtro tempore uita functi interitum in æde cathedrali deploraßem frater ornatißime, fuerunt p multi magnæ autoritatis uiri, qui me cùm iubere iure ſuo poßent multis precibus rogauerunt, ut orationem à me habitam diuulgarem, ne tam diuinus poſthominum memoriam Iuriſcõſultus nullius funebri oratione hic celebratus fuiße uideretur. quibus cùm id diu multumq; de ingenij mei facultatibus magnopere dubitãs denegaßem, me tamen neque honoris neque ætatis excuſatio ab hoc labore uendicauit. Illam itaque in publicum proponere decreui. Neque me Heraclitꝰ ſententia ab hoc concilio reuocauit qui canẽ ignotos allatrare, erga notos ue rò mitiorem eße dicebat. Sicq; inuidiam nouos homines ut nuper euectos inſectare, innotos autem iam eße mitiorem. Malo enim cum tantorum uirorum ſtudio ſim obſecutus, deſiderari prudentiam meam, q̃ ſi id denegarim beneuolentiam. Eſt autem à maioribus noſtris diuinitus inuentum atque inſtitutũ, ut ſi quid in lucem edatur aliquis potißimũm maximis quibuſdam bonis inſtructus & ornatus eligatur, quo patrono & defenſore id obtrectatorum inſectationem non reformidans, tutò in publicum exeat. Quod cum animo meo diu uerſarem, te frater amantißime ex cunctis eruditis delegi, quem & doctrinæ ſingulari, et humanitate incredibili, & multarum rerum uſu atque experientia (quãtum in tuam ætatem cadere poteſt) reliquis longè preſtare iudicaui. Quapropter te oro atque obteſtor, ut hũc ingenij mei fœtum quem certe candidißimo animo tibi nuncupaui læta fronte qualem mihi ſemper preſtitiſti accipias & meum hoc munuſculum beneuole ut ſoles, complectare. Vale.

ORATIO FVNEBRIS HABITA TICINI IN FVNERE EXCELLENTISSIMI IVRISC. ANDREAE ALCIATI IN AEDE CATHEDRALI AB ALEXANDRO GRIMALDO ANTIPOLITANO.



QVANTVM uulnus pro dolor, Christianorum Respublica uiri omnium seculorum, omnis memoriæ, doctrina & uirtute facile principis Andreæ Alciati decessu nuper acceperit, ne is quidem cui summã copiam facultatemq; dicendi natura largita est, non dico complecti orando, sed percensere loquendo ulla ratione poterit. Quæ enim unquam in homine tanta uitæ fuit integritas? tanta cõstantia? tanta deniq; bonarũ omnium artium cognitio? Quis illum nisi penitus ineptus quodam diuno spiritu instinctum fuisse negabit? Quod cum diligenter mecum reputarem hoc mehercule dicẽdi munere supersedere decreueram. Etenim sciebam mihi coram frequenti grauiq; doctorum hominum conspectu & consessu, quantus mea memoria nunquam ullo in loco fuit, dicendum fore. Itaq; timebam ne id me muneris suscepisse, audaciæ uobis potius quam obsequium, temeritas q; officium uideretur. quod ego qui & ingenij acumine, & in dicij grauitate, & arte aut studio dicendi (in quibus non

multum ſanè temporis adoleſcens adhuc impendi) procul a uobis omnibus relinquor eius hominis laudes, qui omni genere uirtutis maxime floruit oratione complecti, atq; huius autoritatẽ loci, in quem niſi ſumma facultas afferi debuerat, contingere auderem. Verum Patres Ampliſſ. ſi ſemel inſtituti mei cauſam rationemq; cognoueritis, intelligetis me nõ huius muneris obeundi fiducia, ſed ne quis grati diſcipuli in Præceptorem officium in me deſideraret, hanc orandi prouinciam ſuſcepiſſe. Hic enim nõ ſuos ſolum, ſed & nos omnes Gallos (tantum humanitatis natura dederat) adeo diuinis et immortalibus meritis deuinxit, ut obſtrictos nos memoria beneficiorũ ſempiterna ſuppudere debuiſſet, ſi quam gratiam uiuo et ſpiranti non habuimus (referre enim nõ potuimus) mortuo memori mente q̃tam maximã animi noſtri capere poſſent non perſolueremus, eumq; aliqua oratione celebraremus. Quæ licet uiri diuino ingenio, admirabili doctrina, incredibiliq; prudentia præditi ſingulares eximiaſq; uirtutes potius ſit dicendo obſcuratura, quàm eius amplitudinem illuſtratura, malui tamen eloquentiã in me requiri quàm ſi id nõ fecerim ingrati animi uobis eſſe ſuſpectus. Illius enim mortem qui omnibus hominibus interijſſe exiſtimãdus eſt, non luctu publico ſolum, ſed etiam monumentis eſſe honorandã puto. Adeſtote itaq; omnes animis qui adeſtis corporibus, quorum ora uultuſq; non ſine maxima mentis delectatione contẽplor, meq; pauca de florentiſſimi Præceptoris noſtri Andreæ Alciati laudibus dicentẽ, attentiſſimis animis ſumma cũ benignitate audite. Magnũ profectò

atq; arduum hodierno die mihi onus est impositum auditores, omnium qui sunt, fuerunt, erunt, longe maximũ atq; clarissimum uirum laudandi Excitanda itaq; mens et attollenda est, ut & uos tantæ rei dignitatem percipiatis auribus, et nos mente cogitatione q; comprehensam oratiõe complectamur. Quid faciam? quid primum querar? Vnde potissimum exordiar? Iam sanè non solùm commoueor animo, sed omnibus artubus contremisco, neque ulla pars corporis mei satis suum officium præstare potest. An incredibiliũ uirtutum suarum memoriam dicendo refricabo? communemq; dolorem uel mœrorem potius, quo omnes non distinemur aut diuellimur, sed opprimimur ac ardemus oratione augebo? At uereor si hoc fecero, ne qui uestrũm omnium animos plus quàm satis est consternatos consolari debeam, acerbæ tristitiæ recordatiõe penitus debilitẽ & frangam. Quis enim Alciati cuius unius uirtutibus pares omnium hominum uirtutes nulla unquã secula habuerũt morte nõ ita conficiatur, ut neq; modus neq; intermissio lacrymarũ neq; ulla leuatio futura uideatur? Nam qui illum à puero inspicere et ordiri à principio uoluerit, humani ingenij modum excessisse facile iudicabit. Vix enĩ cunabulis eductus, ea summæ spei, summæ ingenij indolis, summæq; uirtutis signa dedit omnibus, ut de illo quod de Isocr. apud Platonẽ Socrates auguratus est, omnes prædixisse uideantur. Neq; uerò mirificã expectationem q; sui concitarat sustinere duntaxat ac tueri potuit, sed omnino uicit. His enim ingenij fontibus irrigatus cùm ætate aliquantulum processisset, nõ solum ar

tes quibus ætas puerilis ad humanitatem informari ſolet pri moribus labris guſtauit et extremis' ut aiunt, digitis attigit, ſed ita in Grammaticorum laborioſos, canones, Oratorum colores, Dialecticorum argutias, Muſicorum tonos, Arithmeticorum numeros, Geometrarum dimenſiones, Aſtrologorum motus, Medicorum, τε' α'λεξιφα'ρμακα, Philoſophorum abditas ſententias, Theologorum diuina dogmata, in omne deniq; (ne ſingula perſequar) diciplinarũ genus aciem mentis ita fortiter intendit, ut plenam nondum attigens pubertatẽ amplisſimis monimẽtis memoriã nominis ſui cõſecrarit. Scripſit enĩ adhuc adoleſcens pmultas oratio nes et declamationes adeo cõcinnis et acutis ſẽtẽtijs grauibuſ q; uerbis ornatas et perpolitas, ut nemo figmẽti fuciq; pue rilis ſed literatæ ſenectutis plenas niſi hebes cõmunũq; literarũ et polutioris humanitatis expers diiudicet. Ineſt enim genus quoddam ſermonis ita liquidum, fuſum et profluens, ut aureum orationis flumẽ manifeſto deprehendatur, atq; Attico rum acumen, elegantia, breuitas et facetiæ agnoſcantur. Hiſtoriam patriam adeo uere, pure, et ornate contexuit. ut appareat quædam in illo uelut Salluſtiana breuitas, qua nihil apud aures eruditas poteſt eſſe perfectius, ut nec quod deſit, nec quod redundet inueniri poſſit. Poeſim ænigmatuz plenam (quã quiuis teſte Platone non dignoſcit) ſic didicit, hauſit, expreſſit, ut Emblemata, Epigrammata, Elegias, Comœdias et alia diuerſa poemata, ita feſtiua, ita concinna ita elegantia nihil ut fieri poſſit argutius, intra primum iu uentutis limen confecerit. Mathematicarum demonſtrati-

tonum, medicinæ, Philosophiæ, & Theologiæ, studia sic amplexus est, ut dequacumque re ita copiosè luculenter & ex improuiso dissereret, ut in una qualibet sola & semper laborasse uideretur. Quid autem ad Grecarum litterarum cognitionem attinet, ita omne suum studium atque ingenium ad earum imitationem contulit, Latinaque cum grecis sic coniunxit, ut non minus Græca quàm Latina illius oratio omnibus ornamentis abundaret. Id indicant tum pleraque ab eo græce scripta tũ è græcis latinè reddita. Quin etiã non nulla extant Epigrãmata elegãter admodũ cõscripta propediem (ut spero) publicũ accepturæ. Rei autẽ militaris nobilissimã sciẽtiã (ĩ cuius tutela et præsidio serèus trãquillus & beatæ pacis status aqescit, ita calluit, ut illũ nihil nisi castris locũ capere, eadẽ uallo cingere, hostes propulsarè, exercitũ instruere solitum fuisse dixisses. Nulla denique ars est (ut ut pauca conferã) cuius non expressa uestigia apud illũ reperiãtur. Quibus omnibus disciplinis cùm cæteris lõge antecelleret sũmamq; hominũ admirationẽ iã excitaret, suum ipsius ingenium tam facile et copiosum in his diutius consumendum, memoriã rerum et uerborum diuinã (qua Cyro, Mithridati, Charmidæq; multum excelluit) adhibendam non esse iudicauit: sed ab his, artibus quæ sunt libero homine dignæ, ad elegantiorem scientiam ætàte aliquantulum progrediente defluxit. Quapropter sanctissimæ ciuili sapiẽtiæ se penitus dedidit, illi sẽ totum addixit, in ea omnem curam, laborem, industriam, studium denique totum collocauit. Cui cũm non multum temporis adolescens tribuisset, insignia Iurisconsulti

citius ſeptennio maxima doctorum uirorum prædicatione aſſecutus eſt. Mediolanũ germanam patriam quæ fama, quæ gloria, quæ doctrina, quæ bellica laude ſemp floruit mox ſe recepit, ubi triennium ferè integrum aduocatus in foro tanta famæ celebritate uerſatus eſt, ut illius ianua quemadmodum olim Scip. Naſicæ aut Q. Mutij, maxima quotidie ciuium frequentia & ſummorum hominum ſplendo re celebraretur. Cuius ſingularis eruditio cùm iam non in tenebris lateret, ſed in luce Galliæ, oculis Italiæ, atq; in au ribus omniũ gentium et nationum poſita eſſet. ab Auenionen ſibus ad publicum profitendi munus acceꝛſitus, Comes Pa latinus ſacræ Lateranẽſis Aulæ à Leone x. Pont. Max. conſtitutus eſt, & cùm nunquam ad eum diem Cathedram aſcendiſſet, ſtipendium ſexcentorum meruit, ibiq; aliquot annos commoratus, ita orbem terrarum nominis ſui glo ria implenit, ut illum Franciſcus Francorum Rex Chri ſtianiſſimus duplicato honorario et mille ducẽtiſq; præſtitis in Biturigenſem Academiam uocarit. Accerſiuit mox illũ de longinquis regionibus, reſiſtentiq; & quodammodo ter giuerſanti iure ſuo inecit manum Franciſcus SF. Mediolanenſis Dux, ampliſſimaq; ſenatoria dignitate ornauit, & ut Ticini doceret ab eo impetrauit. Bononiam Studiorum alumnam paulo poſt petijt in qua honorificentiſſimè excep tus quatuor annos magno auditorũ concurſu Ius ciuile pro feſſus eſt. Ticinum reuocatus (ita iubente Carolo Impera tore Sereniſſ.) aliquot annos hic reſedit. Ferrariam Du cis Herculis ampliſſimis cõditionibus adductus deinceps in

uisit, & postratam Academiam extulit. Tandem post infinitos peregrinationis labores Ticinum reuersus, hic sedes ac domicilium collocauit, docuitq; tres aut quatuor annos ad summum, assidua doctorum uirorum frequentia undique confluentium. Deniq; dum pedum dolore aliquot annos leuiter quidem primo (ut fit) fortius mox ac crebrius laboraret continua febre adiuncta, paulatim intra decem et quatuor dies confectus, integris usq; dum interiret semper sensibus, ad tertium Idus Ianuar. quinquagesimum octauum annum non excedens mortem obijt, animumq; Deo à quo acceperat, ex altissimo domicilio depressus et quasi demersus in terram, corpus humo nõ sine maximo fletu gemituq; omnium reddidit ac reliquit. At quid fletum gemitumq; commemoro? Luget Mediolanum, mœret Ticinum, Squalet Italia, afflictatur Gallia, omnes denique prouinciæ tam diuinum Iurisconsultum orbatũ hac uita queruntur. Quis enim unq; adeò sincerè atque eleganter Iurisconsultorũ responsa, Principum constitutiones, Pontificum sacros canones est interpretatus? Quis de his omnibus ita uerè ac diserte ad hæc usque tempora scripsit? Num tantam eloquentiam legum scientiæ (cuius quasi soror est) coniunxit, quantam neque ex ueteribus quisquã habuit, neque ex posteris alicui sperare uel planè etiam optare datum est? Id τὰ παρα'δοξα, Dispunctiones, libri illi omnium sermone celebratissimi de uerborũ & rerum significatione, & alia eius infinita opera quæ quotidie in manibus habemus abũde declarãt. Hũc igitur non lugebimus? Illius interitum non deplorabimus?

extinctum uerum & germanũ ſanctiſſimæ ciuius ſapientiæ decus & ornamentum non queremur? O mortalium genus miſerũ ac calamitoſum. O fortunæ telum acerbum. O fata crudeliũ bonis omnibus inſidiantiũ. O noctem qua animam efflauit omnium temporũ acerrimam atque acerbiſſimam. Siccine nos tam preeioſo munere duinitus è cœlo ad nos de lapſo ſpoliaſti? Siccine uoluptatem incredibilem quã ex illius iucundiſſima cõſuetudine capiebamus ademiſti? Siccine oraculum totius Chriſtianæ Reipub. inſperantibus nobis eripuiſti? Nunc mehercule candore & flore proprio Italia, ſplendore ſuo Mediolanum lumine præclariſſimo omnes gentes & nationes ſunt priuatæ. Me uox, me latera, me uerba deficient, ſi quãm miſer, quãm calamitoſus, quamq; acerbus ſit nobis huius uiri obitus uociferari uelim. Iam mihi uideor audire Iuriſprudentiam mœrentem & demiſſã in has uoces erumpere. Vbi ſplendidiſſimus candor? ubi præſidium firmiſſimum? ubi unicum columen meũ Andreas Alciatus eſt? Qui me ſui ſermonis elegantia, ingenij magnitudine, iudicij grauitate, dicendi facultate diminutã adauxit, debilitatã confirmauit, multis iniurijs iactatã atq; agitatã defendit, præcipitanti ſubuenit, demerſam extulit, afflictã et perditã erexit? O immanem mortem. Tu ne mihi hoc præclarum lumen tam ſubito inuidiſti, ut pene æternas mihi tenebras adferres? Tu ne adeo cruentum in illius corpus telũ iniecisti, ut priſtina barbaries me denuo deformaret? Tu ne tyranidem deteſtabilem in illum ſic exercuiſti, ut me omnibus ornamentis ſpoliares? Verùm quo hæc delabitur ora

rio? aut quis tandem mihi finis est propositus? An ut mœrorem uestrum lacrymis meis adiuuem? An uerò ut oratione mea uos consoler doloremq; depellam? Longius itaquè non progrediar, meq; ad meum munus pensumq; reuocabo. Abstergite luctum auditores, & mœroris memoriam omnem deponite. Mors parata, proposita, definita, & ex æquo communis est omnibus quasi naturæ uerum debitum.

Debemur morti nos nostràque.

Nec formæ, nec opibus, nec imperijs, parcit.

Etenim

Pallida mors æquo pulsat pede pauperum tabernas.

Regumq; turreis.

Verùm si paulò altius iuxta Philosophorum uerissimam sententiam rem hanc totam perscrutari uelimus, uitam esse ueram & non mortem facilimè iudicabimus. Nam (ut est apud Euripidem)

Τίς δ' οἶδεν εἰ τὸ ζῆν μὲν ἔστι κατθανεῖν

Τὸ κατθανεῖν δὲ ζῆν νομίζεται βροτοῖς.

Et nunc fortè re uera mortui sumus. Accepimus enim à sapiente quodam nos nunc mortuos esse, corpusq; nostrum sepulchrum esse nobis, & tunc nos uere uiuere, cùm ab hoc cæco Terrarum carcere liberati, in cœli arcem emigramus. Nã quo tandem modo uita hæc appellari potest, quæ ueluti turbulentissimum pelagus, tot procellis & fluctibus quotidie iactatur? quam Talorum iactibus ueteres illi Patres de hac re optimè sentientes compararunt. Neque eam immeritò Euripides dieculam unam, Phalereus Demetrius

temporis punctum, optime uero omnium Pindarus umbræ ſomnium appellauit. Nunc demum ig itur uiuit uiuit diuinus Alciatus, & pro mortali conditione uitæ immortalitatẽ, & eam gloriam quæ uix cœlo capi poteſt eſt conſecutus. Reliquit enim uirtutis præſidia firmiſsima quæ perditis re bus omnibus ſola ſe (M. Tullio teſte) ſuſtentant. Nul la enim in re mortalium tanta ineſt firmitas, tanta conſta tia, ut his in rebus quæ uirtute geruntur. Et uirtus crudeli tatem mortis propulſare ſolet, & (ut dicitur) eſt altiſsimis defixa radicibus, quæ nulla unq̃ ui labefactari nullo unq̃ loco dimoueri poteſt. Viuet, uiuet, pfectó, dũ genus hominũ, dũ gentes, dũ populi extabũt, et uita illius memoria ſeculorũ omnium uigebit, poſteritas alet, ipſa æternitas ſemp intuebi tur neq; ulla unquã ætas de ſuis laudibus cõticeſcet. Scripta enim illius immortalitatis non ætatis ſunt. Domicilium quide mutauit, ſed ut firmum & ſtabile quod hic tanquã peregri nus non habebat cõſequeretur. Commorandi enim nobis na tura diuerſorium non habitandi dedit. Nos mortales cala mitatibus, periculs, morbis, caſibus, curis, incomodis, uitijs, iniurijs, obnoxios reliqt: ut immortales illos heröas immor talis inuiſeret, ex labore ad quietem, ex dolore ad indolen tiam, ex morbo ad ſanitatem, ex ætate breui ad perpetuam defluxit. Lacrymarum itaque finem aliquem facite, neque mortem Præceptoris noſtri diutuis deplorate. Qui enim id agit, ſe mortalem eſſe deflet, ac naturam (quemadmodum Theophraſtus moriens apud M. Tullium) accuſat. Mortuus eſt in patria, in qua decedere præclarum eſt

atque antequàm extremum uitæ ſpiritum ediderit, ita omnia ſua compoſuit, eum fortunarum ſuarum (quas non ut olim Thebanus Iſmenias apud Platonem) ſed diligentia & uirtute parauerat Franciſcum Alciatum hæredem teſtamẽto reliquit, cuius candidos niueoſq; mores, ingenium perſpicax, & ſingularem tum literarum humaniorum, tum etiam Iuriſciuilis peritiam omnes commemorant, Ita denique animum omni labe & macula peccati expurgare, cumq; his quæ ritè decedentibus adhiberi ſolent ſacris deos ſibi ſuperos atque manes placare, & debita officia Deo præſtare uoluit, ut de eius interitu nullus iure dolere debeat. Nunc autem utri percelebres omnes ad pedes ſtrati iaceamus obſecrantes Deum Optimum Maximum ut eum qui ſuos annos non ἑτώσιον ἄχθος ἀρούρης. (ut inquit Homerus) terram preſſit, ſed grauiter peracta hac uitæ fabula, honeſtã ſui memoriam poſteris reliquit, qui tanta humanitate prudentia & religione exiguum hoc uitæ curriculum hominibus à natura circunſcriptum confecit, qui tanto denique ſtudio omnia quæ ſanctiſſimi Chriſtiani ſunt, ſemper obſeruauit, in animorum beatorum cœtum ac numerum reponat.

Τοῦ Ἀλεξάνδρου, γραμματέως ἀντιπολιτάρχου τῆς Ἀλικάστου.

Ἐλπίσω μοι δ' ὁμαι τ' ὀλίγον τινὰ σῶμα καλύπτει
ἢ μέγαν ἀσφαρείου τέξονον ἀλικίστου;
χεῖνον ἔχει ἀσφοδέλου δ' ἄπου κάλλιον ἄπαντων
ὡς τ' ἁπλῶς εἰπεῖν νὴ δία κλεινότατον
σῶμα δ' ἐν χύτῃ, τῦνομ καὶ ἐνθάδε κεῖται,
ἀλλὰ μὲν ἀλικάστου ἀμφιπολῆσι κλέος.

τέλος.

ELEGIA DE MORTE D. ANDREAE ALCIATI,

PER ALEXANDRVM GRIMALDVM ANTIPOLITANVM.

DVM cuperent magnos crudelia fata Ticini
Eripere & placida luce carere uiros.
Insignem subitò feriunt uirtute Salernum,
Impia nec terris plura uidere sinunt
Ocyus Andulphum rapiunt, morbisq; medentem
Diuine nobis eripit una dies.
Nec te magnanimum heroëm Butigella tacebo
Qui facis interitu squalida cuncta tuo.
Nuper at Andream nondum satiata uocarunt
Alciatum, ò magnis inuida fata uiris.
Pierides lugent, mœret Tritonia Pallas,
Deflet & extinctum pulchra Thalia decus.
Et queritur raptum nobis Grinæus Apollo
Alciatum, ac tanti iusta querela dei est.
Nam quis non doleat circùm præcordia tantum
Fata breui nobis eripuisse uirum?
Sed quid dico uirum? longè mortalia quæ sunt
Vicit, ut hunc hominem nemo fuisse putet.
Mortales uisit, nos ut diuina doceret,
Et peteret tandem regna relicta prius.
Quod fecit, mentemq; Deo satur hac dedit aura
Reddidit & terræ corpus inane lubens.

Ingenij monumenta ſui tamen ampla reliquit
Heros, non ulla deperitura die.
Quæ legite, & veſtris manibus perſæpe tenete.
Nomen & Alciati concelebrate precor.
FINIS.

PAPIAE.
Apud Franciſcum Moſchenum Bergomenſem, Et
Ioannem Baptiſtam Nigrum, Socios
Ciues ſq̃ Papienſes. Anno
Domini. M. D. L.

CARMINA

STEPHANI GVATII.

ALCIATI LACRIME.

ERgo ne mortales tot cantus, totq; choreas?
Durabunt lungos ocia veſtra dies?
Ergo ne delicias vixiſſe impune licebit?
Plaudite num quiſquam poſſe videre putat?
Tanta ne pectoribus veſtris migrauerit vnquam
Letitia? heu pœnas omnia fine dabunt.
Miſcentur lachrymis cæleſtia regna, minantur
Exitium terris luctibus attonita.
Iam prope cœleſtis, mundi et nil machina diſtat,
Iam prope cœleſtis machina facta Chaos.
Nunc, nunc mortales dici cupiuntq; voluntq;
Cœlicolæ, lachrymas dantq; ſuperq; ſatis.
Obiicit ANDREAE cauſam mors dura doloris
Orbatum queritur numine quiſq; ſuo.
Hument plectra, ſitum ſuſpenſaq; barbita ducunt
Atq; manum Phebus continet ipſe lyra.
Muteſcunt querulæ, non amplius æthera complent,
Deſeruere ſuum nunc Helycona Deæ.
Edocte quondam Charites celebrare choreas
Conſpectum tacite nunc Iouis ante ſedent.
In terris ſpeculum referentem numinis vltro
Flaua Ceres deflet occubuiſſe ſui.
Doctrine exemplo Pallas viduata dolores,
Concipit heu quantos, quanq; Diana gemit.
Denique flere diem tam crudi vulneris omnes
Conſtituere Dei, conſtituere Deæ.
Vnica ſed luctus inter ſolatia reſtant,
Ab Ioue quod mortis præmia digna feret.
Omnia corruerent, terris habitare iuuaret,
Hoc ſi non inter damna leuamen erat.

Humanas voces, lachrymas quin fundere mallent,
Mallent nobiſcum morte dolore pari.
Sad te Iam ne poteſt vrgerere miſerrima tellus,
Iam ne poteſt cœlum, cura, dolorq; Deum:
Reſpice quam viuum reſecant tua vulnera, cinctam
Heu, heu te Innumeris moxq; fatere malis.
Eſt cito quo poſſint ſanari vulnera Diuum,
Non poſſunt medica ſed tua dira manu.
Iam fas eſt crebris ſpumantia fletibus ora
Ter, quater, æterna credo rigare die.
Nunc gemitus, uoces, adeant ſuſpiria cœlum,
Perpetuam ducant mœſtitiamq; genæ.
Nubila frons ducat, nulla hic demulceat aures:
Res, res compoſita non eget iſta coma.
Gallia, Germanę gentes, Hiſpania, veſtri
Exitij ſignum nunc tuba ſæua dedit.
Nunc oculos veſtros, animosq; auertite, ripam
Ticini aſpiciant lumina veſtra tenus.
Alloquar Italiam: calcar currentibus addam:
Ah nimium ſentit vulnere læſa graui.
Huc, huc horentes, huc, huc quoſcunq; remiſſos
Intendant oculos ſeruat vterque polus.
Quod lachrymas citra nequeo memorare, videbunt
ANDREAM ſupra ſpem potuiſſe mori.
Crediderat potuiſſe mori gens tempore nullo
Immortalis erat quod data fama viro.
Hoc ipſo aſperius crudeſcunt vulnera verum
Inſperata virum mors quod iniqua rapit.
Inuida mors dedecus quod te manet inuida turpe,
Si qua facis, nobis vulnera cæca facis.
Ille, ille Intactus contemptis ſedibus iſtis
Fœlix ſydereos incolit ille lares.
Carcere mortales miſeri ſquallente relicti
Luctificam nequeunt ſed tolerare vicem.
Cogitat humani generis dum quiſq; ſalutem
Extinctam, occurrit pro ratione furor.

Audiuere graui Iuuenes qui voce tonantem
Stillantes Lachrymas quam ſine fine dabunt.
Illius atq; tubæ cultrix Germana Iuuentus
Concitat o quantus pectora veſtra dolor.
Quantus te exagitat legum ſtudioſa Iuuentus,
Quantus te exagitat nocte, dieq; ſimul.
Dicite nunc ſoliti pendere frequenter ab ore
Quam graue ſit cani deſeruiſſe, latus.
Audiſtis quoties ſapienter verba ſonantem
Gryphos abſtruſos diſſoluiſſe diu.
Sperauí neu quoties hominem me poſſe videre,
Et quæ ſaxa trahit me quoq; voce trahi?
Nunc & non miſeras aures expleſſe, tacentem
Conſpicere & ſaltem non potuiſſe dolet.
Vrbs manet at quantus te te nunc maxima luctus
Et capite, & charo tam viduata Duce.
Lugentes tumulum cingunt, paſſimq; parentat
Quiſq; gemens, & tu victa dolore Iaces.
Laurea Iam ceſſet, ſapientes iam ſatis agro
De Ticinenſi proſiliere viri.
Iam metuo domino extincto ne ſole relicta
Deſtituant veſtrum ſydera forte ſolum.
Tene vnq; potuiſſe igitur iuſtiſſime paſtor
Linquere propenſos ad tua vota greges?
Tene tui magni cultores numinis vnq;,
Tene vnquam fidos deſeruiſſe tibi?
Si cœlo fruitur quiſquis mortalia curat
Reſpice diſceſſu vulnera quanta facis.
Aſpice ſit quantus de te dolor, aſpice quantæ
Sint Lachrymæ, quanta & ſolicitudo premat.
Hoc ſcio (ſi ſolita fulges pietate beatus)
Pro noſtris lachrymas fletibus ipſe dabis.
Nunc minus illa micat lampas Phœbeia terris,
Nunc iter incerto nunc pede quiſq; facit.
Exitium, exitium promittunt ſydera, raptus
Crimina, ridiculum dicere furta foret.

Corde fluunt Lachrymæ mortalibus, vndiq; luctus
Naſcitur: Innumeris omnia plena malis.
Hæc feciſſe docent, hæc te miracula ferris
Conuitium, terras de ſtituiſſe docent.
Vertentur lachrymę in furias, vertentur amaram
In rabiem, ſurget ſquallida Tiſiphonæ.
Quando Iuuant demum medicamina nulla, miniſtret
Accenſis animus ne furor arma timet.
Cum ſuperis prompti bellum renouare gigantes
Innumeri ob raptum te ſtatuere Ducem.
Hoc pius, hoc crimen, ſcelus, hoc auerte, tueræ.
Et ſaltem miſeros qua ratione potes.
Sis memor & ſaltem polles quo numine, terras
Debentes nimium ſæpe Iuuare tibi.
Immortale tuum tollent ad ſidera nomen,
Et tibi pro meritis carmina multa dabunt.
Terra tui cultrix prima te fruge piabit,
Atq; ego ſic carpens ſydera voce querar.
Hic iacet ANDREAS quondam qui lumina terris
Omni plena ſui parte coruſca dedit.
Aſt vbi mortalis diſſoluit vincula vitæ
Terra miſer partes non tulit vſq; ſuas.
Res data ſorte fuit, Terris eſt fama relicta
Sorte tulit cineres marmor & oſſa capax.
Spiritus ætherei ſedes confugit ad altas
Agmine cœlesti cum comitante Ducis.
Illic ſuſceptum gremio, cupidiſq; lacertis
Auguror æterno tempore pace frui.

FINIS.

IVLII ZVRLAE
CARMINA,
MORS.

ME ſemel euictam ducentiq; agmina ligno,
Quod fuit in terris primi mihi Cauſa triumphi
Euulſum a magno rerum genitore recordor
Imperium noſtrum toto, quod ſtabat olympo
Horrendum, quando ipſa Comas erecta tonanti
Terribilem oſtendi vultum, faciemq; minantem
Non ante auditas pœnas, duroſq; labores
Tunc hominum quicquid fuerat, mea iuſſa timebat,
Nec ſecus atq; artus, animos hac falce Secabam,
Aſt humili ſpolio victrix nunc dextra potitur,
Conamur, famamq; hominum, nomenq; ſopire,
Heu paruos auſus, Heu quam nunc debile regnum,
Contemptæq; faces, mea magna potentia quondam,
Iamq; ſatis fato, ſuperumq; ardentibus iris
Eſſe datum potuit, meritas iam ſanguine pœnas
Soluimus & nundum fugit præcordibus horror,
At non his contenta malis mens dira deorum
Sæuit adhuc, renouatq; atros in corde dolores,
Et parat arma, quibus rapiat (miſerabile viſu)
Quod ſupereſt regni nec non ſine numine ſceptri
Vir fuit italiæ claris productus in oris
ALCIATVS Celeri deductum nomen ab alce
Hunc ego tartareis furijs agitata tot annos
Perſequor, atq; ſinu nitor prohiberæ Mineruæ,
Nam mihi q̃ primum noſtras peruenit ad aures,
Hunc fore qui longe noſtros excedere fines
Poſſit, & in vita me in terris ſiſtere famam,
Oppugnare vias, Conaricq; omnia contra
Mens fuit, inuiſis nam ſic contendere fatis,
Poſſeq; credebam venientem auertere peſtem,
Aſt inimica mihi ſoboles defenſa deorum
Enſe fuit, ſemperq; meas elapſa retexit

Insidias, quamq; nostro venus alma labori
Annuit, atq; viro visa est contraria viuo,
Nunc vero optato tandem cum fine potiri
Debueram, & gratos fructus sentire laborum,
Quandoquidem e terris ictum falx depulit hostem
Ecce iterum rediens mutata veste per ora
Perq; virum memores animos mihi bella mouere
Præparat indomitus, diuumq; exultat in armis,
Ipsa quid infœlix faciam, mens ardet in hostem,
Ac pudet incepto victam desistere, & vni.
Succubuisse viro, Superos quæ pellere cœlo
Haud quondam timui, magnũ quæ sum ausa tonãtem
Quærere, & horrenti secum concurrere bello,
Me ne igitur vinci? dominum me ferre secundum?
Ast ego si terris dominor, si dextera fortis
Sceptra tenet, si non nobis audacia cessit,
Scipiadas duros terris si cedere iussi,
Nec sua me contra defendit musa Maronem
Iusq; insidijsq; modum finem ue labori
Non prius imponam, quam memet in omnia versam,
Coreptumq; odijs pectus spes deserat omnis.
Vincere si nequeo fatis contraria nostris
Fata viri, in partem saltem minuisse licebit,
Nil non addebo, nostris socia arma rapacis
Temporis adiungam, cæcj quoq; limina Ditis,
Infernasq; domos visam, precibusq; Sorores
Tartareas, hominum linguas, inuadere, & hostis
Aeream vitam cogam dissoluere morsu,
Sed quo me furor iste rapit? quæ me arma iuuabunt
In diuum infractas vires, in fulmina diuum?
Ipsa quidam sumpta fallacis imagine famæ
Decepi veteres, quando non omnia vitam,
Facta trahunt, sed quæ superum sententia laudat,
Famaq;, quæ summo dissentit ab æthere, nostra est,
At nunc eror abest, quodq; alto rapta dolore
Debellare paro, non est mortale, nec horret

Latratus hominum, rapidos neq; temporis auſus,
Credo equidem quondam tacituros marte poetas,
Nec ſemper ſacris ſedem fore legibus vnam,
Et quandoq; ſuus, quibus eſt data copia fandi,
Deerit honos, minuetq; ætas virtutis honores
Nunc hos, nunc illos, variabitq; omnia tempus,
Attamen & ſemper fuit, & Iouis inclita proles
Semper erit Pallas, tota hoc quæ in pectore ſedit,
Quamq; etiam mediis magnum reſonabit in armis
ALCIATI nomen, ſtabitq; armata Minerua,
Ergo ego quæ magnas Aſiæ res volui, & omne
Deuaſtare ſolum, Latiasq; euertere gentes,
Et notum Cœlo Romanum extinguere nomen,
Quæq; nouæ & veteris potui Carthaginis arces
Hac æquare ſolo dextra, nunc vincor ab vno
ALCIATO, hic rerum victa victrice triumphat,
Atq; ipſa hoſtilem ducor captiua per orbem.

FINIS.

CONSTANTIVS LANDVS COMES PLACENTINVS IN MORTEM DIVINI ALCIATI.

ALCIATO extincto ceciderunt culmina legum:
Rurſus & inuaſit barbaries latium.

ALIVD.

Alciati ob mortem Permeſſi exaruit vnda:
Et creuere amnes Italiæ lachrimis.

ALIVD.

Maximus interpres legum cum concidit heros
Alciatus, Muſæ tunc periere nouem.

ALIVD.

Alciato naſcente ſuum accepere nitorem
Leges, hoc ipſo depereunte iacent.

NE hai dunque o Morte rea tolt' il gran lume
Illustrator delle Romane leggi:
Per cui dispersi fian sempre i bei greggi
Ber non potendo piu l'vsato fiume.
Hor che estinto e si valoroso nume,
Chi potra piu guidarti a i sommi seggi
Dell' eloquenza, che non mai vaneggi
O adorna Giouentu di bon costume?
Piange Italia mia dunque, e Pianga il Mondo
Epiangete voi meco o cari amici,
Pianga minerua, e le noue sorelle.
Poi c' habiam perso il primo no'l secondo
Honor d' ogni virtu, che fe felici.
I cor gentil, e l' innalzo alle stelle.

FEDERICVS SCOTVS, COMES PLACENTINVS, IN MORTEM DIVINI *ALCIATI.*

AVrea qui iecit per terras semina veri
Legiferum promens abdita sensa virum,
Hic situs est, Mediolanum cui præbuit ortum,
Gallia quem mitti fouit & auxit ope:
Quemq; reportarunt populi ceruice Latini
Pene sua. lugent orba parente suo
Gymnasia ALCIATVM: ridet lætissimus ipse,
Cum tribuit quod erat denique cuiq;, suum:
Corpus humo, cœloq; animam, nobisq; libellos
Queis velut induxit legibus ipse diem:
Et quibus absterfit multum mœroris amicis
Fleturis alias insatiabiliter.

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